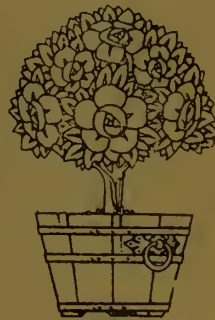


Ruth B. Rexley.

THE HAMILTONIAN



HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL

GLEE CLUB NUMBER

1919

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HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL "GIRLS' GLEE CLUB."

Perhaps the most pleasing and helpful of all our school activities has been the work carried on by the Girls' Glee Club.

Our first meeting was held on October 23, 1917. At this time we elected Alice E. Day as Secretary, and twenty-seven members were enrolled.

Very readily we found that there was not only play ahead of us, but also work. We then devoted all our rehearsals towards one aim of singing "Christmas Carols" at the homes of the sick.

We had become so enthusiastic over this that we desired something else to look forward to. Then we were promised a part in the February concert given by the

High School Chorus. This was our first appearance before our parents and friends, who all agreed the girls of the Glee Club might be proud of their endeavors.

So many of the young men who had previously left our school were called to the service, that we felt each one should be remembered and hold a place in our minds. Thus the service flag of forty three stars came to be purchased in honor of the young men in the service.

Then came the most conscientious work on the part of the girls for a successful graduation. With that one thought in view we strove to accomplish the very

best and with that in mind only the best could be the result.

Upon the opening of school in 1918 all were eager to have the Glee Club re-organized. Our enrollment increased, to thirty-three members, six over last year's, and the officers chosen were Gladys L. Mann, President, and Mabel L. Grant, Secretary and Treasurer combined.

We wished again to work up Christmas Carols and are glad to say they were heartily appreciated by all.

Rumors of a concert run by the Glee Club were echoed and everyone became enthusiastic. In a short time ticket selling and arrangements were in full swing. As we had never been given entire charge before, each one felt an individual respon-

sibility and so bent all thought toward the concert. We wanted to have a social time for the young people and so decided to have a dance. We were more than fortunate to obtain Day's Orchestra and all who were present will agree that the evening was indeed a complete success.

But now let us look to the future. The greatest opportunity of the year is the working up of the graduation music and here again we hope to meet the expectations of the people.

May we say that this work of the Glee Club could be accomplished only under the leadership of Mr. Herbert H. Archibald, our principal, and our pianist, Mrs. Archibald, and with their individual interest in the students.

MEMBERS OF THE HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUB.

Doris Brumby
Mary Burns
Maude Burrows
Miss Katharine Call
Doris Clark
Evelyn Conrad
Alice Day
Louise Day
Fannie Foster
Pearl Foss
Helen Gorman
Nora Gorman
Mabel Grant
Minnie Gould
Gertrude Haskell
Catherine Lucy
Theresa Libby
Alexina Morrow
Bessy McRae
Gladys Mann
Lyndall Miller
Primrose Mason
Ethel Poole
Gladys Poole

Martha Pierce
Ruth Perley
Dorothy Smerage
Eleanor Sculley
Gertrude Sculley
Lucy Saunders
Sarah Southwick
Irene Toner
Miss Paine

GLADYS MANN, P. G.
(President G. G. C.)

THE ETERNAL SPRING

The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal
airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove,
attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in
dance,
Lead on the eternal Spring.

JOHN MILTON.

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

'Tis the "Star Spangled Banner" the
Glee Club is singing
And the hall with echoes is joyfully
ringing;

Heavens below stand as if enchanted
And the given applause is taken for
granted;

Everybody'll vote the concert a success
And we'll all say the students did their
best.

"Good singing," we heard many of the
audience say
Yes, and the Glee Club "Medley" was
the hit of the day;

In almost every instance when they sang
They were given great applause—espe-
cially for "Auld Lang Syne";

Real well did they render "Morning" and
"Night"

The contrast between these you see is
slight;

"Laddie in Khaki" was also successful
And the girls sure did sing it as if they
weren't bashful;

"Sweet Miss Mary, sweeter than you
know"

Was also a big hit, like the "Tickle
Toe."

Grand were the selections played by Miss
La Palme, the 'cellist

As was also the singing by Mrs. Archi-
bald, the soloist;

Loud was the applause when Mrs. Archi-
bald sang

An Irish song entitled "While walkin'
in the rain";

Everyone was lost in laughter

And by the noise they made they be
heard for many days after;

Everybody soon got ready for a grand
surprise

And "Emeline, My Emeline" took the
prize.

"Columbia, our Motherland" was a pat-
riotic selection.

The boys singing part of this gained
much affection;

"Lorraine, Lorraine, beautiful Alsace
Lorraine"—

This was another tune which gained
much fame;

U never heard such good music, no; not
in your life

It could not be better if accompanied
with a fife;

Beautiful, yes 'twas a beautiful success
And it ended with dancing, which
ranked second best.

Concerts will continue to be given each
year

And we hope that all of you will con-
tinue to be here;

Oh, you never could guess how much time
we have spent

To make every concert a success just
before Lent;

Never has Mr. Archibald done such good
work with the baton

And he certainly looked fine with a new
dress suit on;

Cries upon cries the audience were heard
to heap

On the boys when they sang "Nancy
Lee" and "Out on the Deep";

Every one really had a good time

And the candy and ice cream were said
to be fine;

Real good was the music which was fur-
nished for dancing

And "Day's Orchestra" soon had them
all prancing.

'Tis the clock striking twelve

The concert is done

And every one present

Surely's had his share of fun.

"DOC"



MRS. HERBERT H. ARCHIBALD
 Founder and Accompanist
 Girls' Glee Club



HERBERT H. ARCHIBALD
 Director



HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUB



GLADYS MANN, P. G.
President
G. G. C.



CONCERT COMMITTEE



MABLE GRANT, '20
Secretary and Treasurer
G. G. C.

MADEMOISELLE MYSTERIOUS.

Chapter III. The Fire at Sacred Heart

"L'Audacieux" was just returning with important information when he first had trouble with his machine. He had flown low over the lines to get information concerning a German supply railroad that was to be bombed, and he was almost back to the hangar when his plane went bad. He was not going fast, nor was he flying high up—in fact, he was so low that he could see the shell-battered houses in small, deserted villages as he passed. Suddenly his machine went dead. Volplaning to earth, he steered towards an open field and landed near the Convent of Sacred Heart.

As he landed, his bewildered gaze fell upon the building. He saw smoke coming out of the windows of the upper story. Then the bell started tolling. Nuns were hastening about carrying sacred articles. The Mother Superior came out of the chapel carrying a large crucifix much too heavy for her. Few men were in sight. All at once the horrible truth dawned upon him. The Convent of Sacred Heart was on fire! Rene Dupre—for it was he—quickly unstrapped himself from his machine and started running towards the convent.

There was a sudden panic as he came up the path. One of the nuns was trapped in her room by fire. Both staircases were blazing, they said. He asked which room was hers and they showed him. He saw at a glance that he might climb the short ladder to the roof of a small ell jutting out, and from there to her window. In a moment he was halfway up the ladder. He reached the top and flung himself upon the roof of the projection, and crawled towards the window. Catching hold of the ledge he pulled himself inside. The heat was suffocating and the smoke

so thick that he could see only dim, shadowy objects in the room. He groped around the room for a moment and then remembered that if he crawled on the floor the smoke would not be so bad. His eyes smarted, and he was almost blinded by the smoke. He moved to what he supposed was the bed. On it lay a limp object

He picked up the inanimate bundle of humanity, and started towards the window. Flames licked the door now, and he went blindly on until thrusting his head out the window he felt the cool night air brush his cheek. It put new life into him. He climbed out of the window onto the roof, the body of the girl a dead weight in his arms. His strength was giving out. He reached the ladder and started to go down. He felt weak and dizzy. He was almost down when he felt himself slipping. He threw out his one free arm and caught hold of the ladder and drew himself and the girl to safety. Someone came up the few remaining rungs of the ladder and took the nun from his arms. He reached the ground. Then he stumbled, and fell. After that all was unknown to him.

On awakening Rene found himself in a peasant's cottage. An old woman sat in the corner knitting socks. A child was playing in the middle of the floor with soldiers made out of wood. Rene was lying on a rude cot in one corner of the hut. The old woman did not notice that he had awakened for she busily plied her needles. He sat up and looked around. Without a word the old woman got a glass of water from the other room of the cottage, and handed it to him. He pushed it away impatiently, and tried to get up, but a severe

pain in his leg stayed him, and he fell back upon the cot in amazement. "How long," he said to the peasant, "have I been here?" She told him that he had been hurt two days ago at the fire. "It is well," she added, "that Monsieur is feeling better, for the guns are near now. The good American lieutenant has ordered me to leave my home as it is too near the firing line, but Mademoiselle Corinne is not yet strong enough to be moved."

"What young lady?" cried Rene. "Oh, Monsieur," she replied, it is the one that you rescued when that cruel fire burned Sacred Heart." "Who is she?" cried Rene, very much interested in the news. "Oh," was the reply, "she is Mademoi-

selle Corinne Ingles, a girl of the nobility, who entered the convent just about a week ago. She had been quite ill since the fire for the smoke suffocated her. Since she had been herself again she had done nothing but praise you for your bravery. She wishes to thank you as soon as she is well enough. And, Monsieur," she continued in a whisper, "she talked in her sleep continually, and she mentioned the name of Monsieur Dupree—the famous aviator who has disappeared. She is very anxious now to see the man who saved her life," and ending her speech the old woman left the room.

(To be continued.)

LYNDALL M. MILLER, 20.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Mary Edwards was busy in the kitchen cooking. Tonight brother Jack was to bring some of his college chums home for dinner. Mother Edwards was away so the cooking was left for Mary.

Humming away to herself as she was beating the eggs for her cake, she remembered she had used all her raisins last week, and she must have raisins in her cake, for Jack was very fond of them. When he had written home from college he wrote to be sure and make some raisin cake, so the only thing she could do was to go down town and get some. Slipping off her bungalow apron, and tidying her hair a bit, she locked the door and started on her errand.

On nearing the railroad crossing Mary saw that a passenger train was blocking the street. So in great haste she mounted the steps to gain the other side, as she must hurry and get her raisins and return home, because her plum pudding was in the oven.

As soon as she mounted the steps, the train gave a sudden jerk, and then started.

Mary, who was very timid, did not dare to jump off, and before she knew it, the train was moving at a great speed.

What was she going to do? Jack would be coming home soon with his chums and her plum pudding was in the oven.

Mary thought for a few moments. Stanford was the next town and the train stopped there. She could get off and telephone to Granny Windsor, who lived next door to her, and have her go and take the pudding out of the oven. In a few moments the train gave a sudden jerk, and Mary was aroused from her thoughts, and saw that the train was already in the little station at Stanford, so she got off.

Hurrying into the little station she saw a telephone booth, and there telephoned to Granny. After that Mary was some relieved to know her pudding would not be spoiled.

Then inquiring of the ticket agent what time the next train would leave for Milford, the town where she lived, and finding out that one would be along in about twenty minutes, she sat down to wait.

But suddenly Mary remembered she hadn't any raisins, and spying a little grocery store across the street hurried over to get some, returning just as the train pulled into the depot.

Mary got abroad, and in a few minutes the train pulled into the station at Milford. Mary hurriedly jumped off the train and started home. When she reached the house and entered the kitchen, a big surprise was awaiting her. Standing in the kitchen was Granny Windsor. And on the table was all the food, the raisin cake included, that Mary was to have prepared.

Of course an explanation was necessary, so Granny Windsor told Mary that she had remembered all the things that Mary had planned to make for Jack and his chums, and thought she would get

things ready as she knew Mary wouldn't have time to make them.

Looking at the clock on the mantle piece, she said to Mary, "Now run up stairs and get ready for it's quarter of seven and Jack and his friends are coming on the seven thirty train."

Mary replied, "Yes, I'll run right up stairs and dress, but not until you've promised not to tell Jack on me."

Of course Granny would not tell. When the boys left the Edward's house that night, they told Jack he ought to be proud of a sister that could prepare a meal like the one they had had that night, and of course Jack was. And Jack never knew that it was Granny Windsor that did the cooking and prepared the dinner, for Mary never told him the difference.

DOROTHY SMERAGE, '21.

FOX HUNTING WITH SIR ROGER.

Now through the copse where the fox is
found

And over the stream at a mighty bound,
And over the high lands and over the low,
O'er furrows, o'er meadows the hunters
go!

Away! as the hawk flies full at his prey
So flieth the hunter,—away, away!

BARRY CORNWALL.

When Sir Roger and I arrived at the meet the other members of the hunt and Sir Roger's pack had gotten there. Sir Roger, as master of hounds, had the position of honor at the head of the party, and I, as his guest, was next to him.

"Ta, ta, ta," sounded the horn and "Yo, Yoooo," cried the dogs. We were off. Sir Roger and I were in the same field with the hounds and were on our favorite hunters.

"Oh can I get over that fence," I thought, as ahead of me loomed a high hedge fence. Sir Roger and I went over

the fence together and were away with the hounds before the rest had got to the field behind.

The dogs were now running in earnest and they made over the roughest country at a remarkable speed. After about twenty minutes at breakneck speed the hounds lost the scent.

Sir Roger and I beat the covert when a red streak darted almost under my feet.

"To horse," shouted Sir Roger, and again we were off. Around the knoll, through timber to the brook. The wary fox perhaps, had often shaken other foes there. What a jump! It was fully twenty-five feet, but the fox made it every inch.

Then we were there! No time to hesitate! In or not at all! Sitting hard in the saddle I gave my horse his head. Oh, when a horse is trusted how much more he can do than when he is pulled and whipped around.

On the other side my faithful horse and I landed without a wetting; but Sir

Roger was not so fortunate. He landed his horse in the farther edge of the stream on his nose, but it was not the horse's fault.

Alone with the hounds! What a sensation it is! We were now going like the wind. Ten more minutes of this and we would have the fox.

Over the last fence and I was off my horse. Whipping off the dogs, I killed the fox and cut off his tail as a trophy of the chase.

As I rode slowly back over the course I saw Sir Roger climbing from the brook. His horse had broken its leg and would have to be shot.

There was much confusion as the rest of the huntsmen had ridden up by this

time.

Sir Roger had not come out without injuries. He had received a cut from his horse's hoof, and a black eye and several slight bruises. He was a sorry spectacle and was not, consequently, in the best frame of mind.

The groom who had gone for the gun had arrived and the poor animal was shot. Some of the other hunters who were not so friendly with the old man gave him a few pieces of advice which perhaps, were well earned. But I, who knew that he had done the best he could, and felt the loss of the horse like that of a child, departed with him to an excellent supper where his spirits were soon restored.

WESLEY TOWLE, '21.

A TRUE BACK-WOODS STORY.

A few months ago there lived in the back-woods of Maine a poor family by the name of Anderson. Their house, which was a log cabin was miles away from the nearest neighbor.

One day this winter when the ground was covered with ice and snow, Mr. Anderson took out his old mare Mollie and went into the forest to cut some wood, leaving his family at home in the cabin.

When he arrived at the place where he was in the habit of getting wood, and was about to begin chopping, he saw on one of the branches of a tall tree a large wild-cat. This creature was watching him, and at the same time getting ready to spring.

He had no weapon but his axe; and this could be of no use until the wild-cat was close to him. So he stood still, watching the creature, and trying to think what would be best to do. He soon made up his mind.

Keeping an eye on the wild-cat all the time, he took all the harness off Mollie except the collar, harness, and bridle.

Then he took a piece of birchbark and wrote something on it with the point of his jackknife. He stuck the bark in the head-stall of the bridle, turned the mare's head toward home, and gave her a sharp cut with the whip.

Mollie kicked up her heels and started on a gallop. She did not stop till she got to the cabin door.

When Mrs. Anderson and her son Rudolph saw Mollie galloping up the road, they were very frightened, thinking that some accident had happened. They took the piece of birchbark out of Mollie's headstall and read what Mr. Anderson had written. It was this, "Bring the gun, quick, quick."

Rudolph lost no time but got the gun powder, and bullets, and jumped on Mollie's back and rode immediately away to the place where his father was standing, with axe in hand watching the wild-cat. Mr. Anderson shot the wild-cat and brought it home on the top of his load of wood.

IRENE TONER, '22.

THE MYSTERY OF GREYBROOK INN.

In a small town in Massachusetts stands an old inn. A few years ago it caused much excitement and curiosity among the inhabitants of the village. It was built in colonial style and was once painted white, but the rains and storms of many years had caused it to lose its color. It was three stories high and it had five gables. It had windows that reached from ceiling to floor.

But it was not the house that caused excitement as much as its inhabitants.

Three years ago a man, woman and child appeared in the village. They had taken possession of the Inn and were soon living there comfortably. A month passed and one day the man disappeared, and was never again seen in the village.

What caused a slight feeling of resentment among the mothers of the village was that Mrs. DeBois never allowed Marie to mingle with their children. No one ever saw her on the street or visiting in the village. Her maid did all of her errands.

One day a large touring car came into B—, and stopped before the Inn. A distinguished looking man, evidently of high

birth, stepped from the car and went into the house. He sent up his card to Mrs. DeBois. Soon she appeared and he said, "Madam, I regret to say that Major DeBois has been killed at the battle of the Marne. He—"

But Mrs. DeBois heard no longer what he was saying, for she had fainted.

Then all was excitement in the Inn. Old Doctor Lathrop was called in, the first village person to enter the house since this family had lived there.

The next day one of the newspapers told the story of Major DeBois' life. It said that he was a French nobleman who had been sent by the French Government to interview the American War Authorities. He had chosen a small town by the name of B—, in which to live. He had been called back to France, and left for that country one night, and then came his death.

Two weeks later a woman and child, both dressed in black, boarded a train and were never again seen in B— and, with their departure ended the Mystery of Greybrook Inn.

ELEANOR SCULLEY, '21.

IN A LUNCH CART

The proprietor, a good-looking, well-built man, hurried busily to and fro washing dishes, sweeping, and cleaning up to be in readiness for the evening customers. The door slipped open and an usher from a nearby theater entered. "Ham sandwich and do it up good," he said. "I haven't got any paper," replied the proprietor. "You can run down to the Five and Ten and get a roll of that oily tissue."

"Do you mean waxed paper?" asked the usher.

"Oh sure." The usher ran out and was

soon back with the paper. He received the sandwich and paid for it. Right after he had gone another man came in. His heavy white mustache and bald head proclaimed his age. "Beans and frankfort," he roared.

"D'you want the beans dry?"

"Nope."

While he was eating another customer entered, slid onto a stool, and bawled out his order. He seemed to be in a hurry for he "shovelled" the food into his mouth with both knife and fork. A steady

stream of men came in after that. A variety of occupations were represented. A truckster, a student, the fireman from the theater, and a long-haired red-nosed fellow. Everyone talked at once. "Hey! whatcha want, Santa Claus?" called the proprietor to a man wearing a heavy mackinaw. "Beans," yelled the man. Ev-

eryone seemed to have a different idea on the way a lunch cart should be run and no one hesitated to give his opinion. Some thought that the place should be painted white, some thought that "hamburg sandwiches" should be served, and some thought such a variety of things that it was laughable to see what men do think.

THERESA LIBBY, '21.

CREATION

Great pots of paint sat in a row,
That's the way it began.
They tipped the brown over so-and-so.
And all around us it ran.
It colored the ground that is under our feet,
In ran over the hills and dales.
It went up the road and down the street,
And still there was some in the pails.
So they painted some birds and the tree-trunks, too.
And all the brown was gone.
Next they took the cans that held the blue
And splashed the sky till it shone.
And the sea was made from what ran down,
And the rivers and brooklets too.
It colored the bluebird and the jay's bright crown,
And made the forget-me-not blue.
Then they painted the leaves and the plants all green,
And red were the poppy and rose
And never such a glorious scarlet was seen
As the Kentucky cardinal shows.
They made yellow birds and yellow flowers,
And mountains of snowy white
And rocks that look like wonderful towers.
It was truly a glorious sight.

They made the animals and birds and fishes,
And people to rule over all.
And houses and furniture and barns and dishes
And winter and spring and fall
And summer and years and nights and days
And vegetables and fruit galore;
They fixed hundreds and thousands of things and ways,
And then they fixed some more.
There was thunder and lightning and rain and snow,
Rainbows and planets and stars.
Then the folks on earth began to show
A curiosity as to what was on Mars.
So they made discoveries and inventions and laws and rules,
And theories and science books.
They made the children go to school
So that they would have studious looks.
And the sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And people come and go.
A King is made, then loses his crown
And there's happiness and woe.
And so as the world goes round and round
We find old things and new;
And the greatest of all of the nations found
Is that of the red, white, and blue.
THERESA LIBBY, '21.

(To the tune of Ja Da.)

Juniors — Juniors,

Just you watch us Juniors so gay,

Juniors — Juniors,

We're the liveliest class of the day,

When we go to class with a grin,

The teachers hate to have us let in,

But we're Juniors — Juniors,

That accounts for our grins and our sm.

ONWARD!

All is action, all is motion,

In this mighty world of ours!

Like the current of the ocean,

Man is urged by unseen powers.

Duty points with out-stretched fingers.

Every soul to action high,

Woe betide the soul that lingers—

Onward! onward till you die.

Onward, onward, onward, ever!

Human progress, none may stay:

All who made the vain endeavor,

Shall like chaff be swept away.

IRENE TONER, '22.

(Tune: There's a long long trail.)

He's a wonderful man, Mr. Archibald,

Into our hearts he has won

His way, with deeds of kindness—

Just see what he has done.

He has brought our school name right up,

He sure has met every test.

With words and deeds of kindness

We will back him with our best.

By a Junior.

TODAY AND YESTERDAY.

A travelling teacher that didn't know
much,

Never taught French and Civics and such.

"Reading and 'Riting and 'Rithmetic

Taught to the tune of the hick'ry stick,"

That's the song of the old-time ways.

Mr. Archibald, Miss Robinson, and Miss
Paine,

Miss Haskins, Miss Call, and Miss Mullane.

"Algebra, Science, and Geometry,

Physies and Latin and History,"

That's the tune of it now-a-days.

Work and be wealthy,

Play and be healthy,

To be beautiful you must be good.

Keep open your eyes

And you will be wise.

To have many friends you should

Be happy and smile

And in a while

A friend will come to you.

Sing and be glad,

Never be sad,

And your friends to you will be true.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The Senior Class is planning to give a Drama and Dance April 25, at the Town Hall. Day's orchestra will furnish the music.

The Junior Class is looking forward to their Junior Prom to be given sometime in May.

The Girl's Glee Club gave their second annual Concert and Dance at the Town Hall, Feb. 21. It was a great success both financially and socially. The proceeds exceeded those of last year.

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

The classes in bookkeeping are advancing quite rapidly, and from all accounts the first year class is the most accurate.

The students who are taking a commercial subject with another course will have to drop it if they aren't up to the standard in the regular course.

The Commercial English class is now up to full stride. They are making mod-

els of all kinds of business letters, making up the propositions themselves. They will soon do a whole day's work in office practice.

The stenography class is now doing fairly good work taking letters from dictation and covering much ground in the text book. They have written twenty-five words a minute, at the first attempt.

EDITORIAL.

The Freshman Class with the consent of the Principal and Superintendent have formed a "city." They are making their own laws and are governing themselves. The citizens are sectioned off into wards. In each ward are two aldermen who represent the people. Donald Davis is Mayor, Frank Malone, Chief Justice, Raymond Whipple, Clerk of Court, Sara Southwick, City Attorney, Maud Burrows, City Clerk, and Minnie Gould and John Duneen, policemen. An improvement officer is appointed every

week whose duty it is to see that the room is kept clean. The appearance of the room has changed very much since the pupils have governed themselves. A very nice bulletin board made by Horace Pope, a student in the seventh grade of Junior High, is in use. The laws are on the bulletin board where every one may see them. The upper classmen have been inclined to scoff at us but we wish to say that we do not mind it. When we are a success they will be proud to say, "I went to school with those people."

CLASS NOTES.

Some Freshmen need a lot of "taking down." A Senior's foot must be respected.

How much real feeling "Cookie" put into those two words. "Gee whiz!" when he sat on a thumb tack.

Trussell (in chem. lab.) "Is there any kerosene in that empty can?"

"Pete" chooses six out of five questions in History test.

Miss P. tells the girls in the back of the room to "keep their lips to themselves!" See to it that you do, girls!

A certain Freshman got rather embarrassed when told by his teacher to "re-dress" his typewriter.

MILITARY PRECISION.

A negro drill sergeant was addressing a squad of "rookies" under him. He said, "I want you niggers to understand dat yo is to ear'y out all o'ders given on de risin' reflection ob de final word ob comman'.

Now when we's passin' dat reviewing stan' at de command, "Eyes right!" I wants to hear ever' niggas' eyeballs click."
—Ex.

The request is made for the boys that eat their lunch in room four at noon time, not to put their cocoa in the desks, but drink it.

Nora is starting to wear her glasses again—have you noticed them?

Miss Mullane calls two of the girls in

the commercial arithmetic class "Scrap-pers," can you guess who they are?

Teacher: I have two ears and there are three people talking.

Student: Well, you have good ear-sight.

A favorite expression of the Book-keeping II Class is: Well, I'm glad I got it.

J'ai fait douze lieues.
I have told a dozen lies.

I don't know what this mild weather is for
Unless Old King Winter has gone to the War,
I guess at that my guess is right,
He didn't want to work so he had to go and fight.

AMBITIONS.

Daley—To have a band of his own like McShee.

Towle—To be Mayor of the Freshmen City.

Mason—To be a druggist.

Deneen—To be a cop in Ireland.

P. Smith—To be a first class book-keeper and typist.

Burns—To be able to recite Eng. History without studying.

Trussell—To have the Hudson every night.

H. Dodge—To go to sleep while he is dancing.

J. McGinley—To go on the stage.

Kerrigan—To have the clocks set ahead an hour so that he will not have to go to bed until 7 o'clock.

Miss M. in Com. Arith., "The gross amount is the amount before any discounts are **disgusted**."

Lucy "just loves" the movies. She never misses any show, especially at the "Opera House" in So. Hamilton.

Einar takes great pleasure in looking in the mirror which he has tacked on the cover of his desk. Oh, well, we can't all be beautiful.

D. Davis—"Watch out—some crystals are round!"

When a reversing of the first and second periods is scheduled one is reminded of that Scriptural quotation, "The

first shall be last, and the last first.”
“Many are called (upon), but few—(re-
cite).”

In Glee Club—Mr. A. “Wid yer eyes—
sing!”

“Pete” knows a girl in the “War Of-
fice” in Washington, D. C.—no wonder
“Pete” wants to go there on a trip.

Latest style (?), Doris Clark’s bangs!

The Gormans must have quite a few
knives at their house, as there is hardly

a day passes without one of them having
her fingers tied up.

I cough, I sneeze
I snort, I wheeze,
I’m in a perfect frenzy;
My head is dough,
My nose won’t go—
I’ve got the influenza.”

“Die Wacht am Rhine” is now an
Ingersoll.

“Mooney” Towle does a “rushin’ bu-
siness” in the office—two calls in one
period!

EXCHANGES.

THE HAMILTONIAN acknowledges
the receipt of the following exchanges:

“The Cambridge Review,” Cambridge
Latin High School.

“The Review,” Newton High School.

“The Mirror,” Waltham High School.

“The Breeze,” Cushing Academy.

“The Monitor,” Wellesley High School.

“The Quarterly,” Stamford High
School, Connecticut.

“Oracle,” Manchester High School,
New Hampshire.

“Volunteer,” Concord High School,
New Hampshire.

“Herald,” Holyoke High School.

“Red and Gray,” Lynn English High
School.

“Bulletin,” Lawrence High School.

“Tradesmen,” High School of Com-
merce.

“Trade Winds,” Worcester Boys’
Trade School.

“The Early Trainer,” Essex County
Training School.

“The Northfield Star,” Northfield
Seminary.

“The Advance,” Salem High School.

“The Enterprise,” Keene High School,
New Hampshire.

“The Holten,” Danvers High School.


SPORTING NOTES.

The Hamilton High School has already
commenced active work in preparation
for their baseball season of 1919. Elect-
ing as Captain, Wilbur Daley and as
Manager, Robert Trussell. The boys,
with the help of Mr. Archibald, are look-
ing forward with much interest to
the fine Spring days and their association
with the ball field.

The schedule, which is now under way,
will include a large majority of the
schools in this part of the state. Letters
having been sent to the following High
schools: Essex, Topsfield, Beverly, Man-
chester, Newburyport, West Newbury,
Groveland, Amesbury, Ipswich, Glouces-
ter, Danvers, Marblehead and Swamp-
scott, besides two Preparatory schools,
St. John’s Prep. and Dummer Academy.

The boys have had a series of baseball
talks accompanied by lectures and black-
board discussions taking up the theory of
the inside game, and all hope that Hamil-
ton High will have even a better team
than they had three and four years ago.

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